

# The Sun's Journey

Without the blazing, blinding helium,  
it springs black in cold as liquid nitrogen,  
but it flames like h-bombs washing cities.  
Star saunas first planet and then second,  
yet by earth it stinks us with underarm sweat,  
and reddens but won't auto-da-fe us.

It flew like thousands of gray arctic terns  
until its beams glow gold on my 'bama rug.  
I smile the light on my shiny window  
where it spreads more useful than a bowed cello  
humming pianissimo and not stirring  
dark corgi pups that stretch in beams of warm soil.

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